## GUNNER DEPEW

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Ex-Gunner and Chief Petty Officer, U.S. Navy Member of the Foreign Legion of France Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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CHAPTER XIV-Continued.

When I looked around I saw that were three lines of trenches with did sing it at that. French infantry in them, So the trenches I had come from were more The next morning the detachment like outposts than anything else, and from the Cassard was withdrawn, and come back alive, because as soon as near enough to speak to them. So I their fire let up the Turks would ad- do not know how they got out. vance, and to keep them back our guns would have to wipe out our men, and then I remembered what the artillery officer had said and I figured I would have to go back and stay with them or bring them back. Either way there was not one chance in a hundred that any of us would make it. Because when I got through it was really just a miracle and nobody would have thought it could happen.

Then the officer told me to go back to the beach, where our naval guns were, and that I was detailed to them. Maybe you do not think I was glad? But there was rough work still ahead of me, because when I got behind the third line I saw a wide open field that was light gray from the shell smoke hanging over it, and I could see the their work, and I had to go through

I fell time and again, sometimes when I thought a shell was near, and beside him. sometimes when I had no reason for it-only I was thirsty again, and was shivering all the time, and was so weak I could not have choked a goldfish. I do not remember hardly anything about going through that field, and you might say the next thing I a dispatch runner, and got in a tin tub at the side of a motorcycle and was taken to the guns.

I felt ready for a Rip Van Winkle nap then, but the officer in command would not let me. He said they were short of gunners-the terrific shelling had killed off dozens of them-and as he knew I could point a gun he had ordered them over the telephone to get me to the beach as fast as possible. He spotted the two warehouses I have spoken of for me and said it was up to us to put them out of commission. The gun was a 14-inch naval, and that looked good to me, so I bucked up a lot. The warehouses were about 10 or 11 miles away, I should indee and about 30 or 40 vards apart.

I felt very weak, as I have said, and shivered every once in a while, so I did not think I could do much gunning worth whistling at. But they loaded the old 14-inch and made ready, and we get the range and all was set. The officer told me to let her ride. So I said to myself, "This is one for you, Murray, old boy. Let's go from

So I sent that one along and she landed direct and the warehouse went



So I Sent That One Along, and She Landed Direct.

up in fire and smoke. I felt good then, and I laid the wires on the other warehouse and let her go. But she was too high and I made a clean miss. Then I was mad, because I had sent that one over for myself. So I got the cross wires on the warehouse again and, I said to myself, "This is not for anybody, just for luck, because I sure

have had plenty of it today." Then the juice came through the wires and into the charge, and away she went, and up went the second warehouse. That made two directs out of three, and I guess it hurt the Turks but I have clways noticed that it is flag on the platter and always a large some to lose all their ammunition. The officer kissed me before I could in any other place. The sweat would had everything I wanted given to me is another animal feared by the super-I keeled over. I was just all in.

They brought me to with rum, and dery stuff. they said I was singing when I came to. When they tried to sing, to show

cause I never sang "Sweet Adeline" door and across the deck, got the nec- can flag on my breast, a French flag before, that I know of, or any other essary parts and was coming back beneath it and beneath that the war our real position was to the right of song when anybody was in range. But with them when I received two ma- cross. He kissed me on both cheeks, where the artillery was, and that there I heard it lots of times, so maybe I

Then I went to sleep feeling fine.

You never saw a happier bunch in your life than we were when we piled if they did not, the Turks would. At into the lifeboats and started for the first I was glad I had come out, but | Cassard. The old ship looked pretty good to us, you can bet, and we said if we never put our hoofs on that place again it would be soon enough.

We were shelled on our way out to the Cassard, and one boat was overturned, but the men were rescued. Two men in the launch I was in were wounded. But we did not pay any attention to that shelling-the Turks might just as well have been blowing pens at us through a soda straw for all we cared.

I noticed that when we came near the Cassard the other boats held up and let our launch get into the lead. and that we circled around the Cassard's bows and came up on the starboard side, which was unusual. But flashes where the big ones were doing I did not think anything of it until I came over the side. There were the side boys lined up, and the Old Man was there, with the ship's steward

He took the log book from the steward and showed it to me, and there was my name on it. Now when you are punished for anything you are logged, but I could not figure out what I had done to get punished for, so I was very much surprised. But the knew was when I was overtaken by Old Man slapped me on the back and everybody cheered, and then I saw it was not punishment, but just the op-

When people ask me what I have received my decoration for (Croix de Guerre), I tell them I do not rightly know, and that is a fact. I do not know whether it was for going back from those trenches or for destroying the storehouses. So I always tell them I got it for working overtime. That have the Victoria cross they say they got it for being very careless, Ask one of them and see.

All of us were certainly glad to be aboard the Cassard again, and if any the blow and from the quantity of gas fainted then, just like a girl. place ever looked like home to me it was the old ship. Our casualties were very high and we were therefore ordered to put back to Brest. We had a great little celebration that night. and next morning weighed anchor and started buck, after clearing for action.

I was still pretty blue about Murray, but very much relieved as to the safety of my own skin, and I figured that after the Dardanelles and my last day there they had not made the right bullet for me yet. The rest of us felt about the same way and we were singing all the time.

CHAPTER XV.

Je Suis Blesse.

As usual, when we got to Brest there was rush work day and night on the Cassard to get her out and supplies of all kinds were loaded for our next visit to the Turks. The French garbies were always keen for the trip back to Brest-they were sure of londing up on tobacco and other things they needed.

My twell h trip to the Dardanelles was different from the others. The Cassard was doing patrol work at the time in the neighborhood of Cape Helles. Those of us who had served on the Peninsula before were thanking our stars for the snap we were having-just cruising around waiting for something to happen.

We had not been there very long before something unexpected did happen, for we ran into two enemy cruiserswhich I afterwards heard were the Werft and Kaiserliche Marine-one on the starboard and one on the port. How they had managed to sneak up did not recognize them. As soon as so near us I do not know. They opened up on us at not much more friend off he would go to get cigarettes than a thousand yards and gave us a and other things for him and some of hot time from the start, though with them almost beat us to the hospital. any kind of gunnery they should have done for us thoroughly.

were getting in some pretty good shots. I was in the 14-inch gun turret, starboard bow-my old hangout-and we shots every five minutes and scoring

I do not know how long we had been fighting when part of our range finder was carried away. It was so hot, though, and we were so hard at it that such a little thing like that did not bother us. It is hot in any gun turret. hotter there in the Dardanelles than American flag draped over the bed. I simply cake up on us, until our faces at once and when I was able to, all

But the range finder was carried away, and although it looked bad for pital I received the Croix de Guerra, of dogs are considered evil omens, and me what song it was, I figured it was us I was feeling so good that I vol-

do not believe I came to, singing, be- other one. I got outside the turret | tenant Barbey. He pinned an Ameriof going through. The peculiar thing cripples. were cut off. I felt pretty sure, then. I saw some of the men who had been is that these two were in a line above that the boys in them would never in the two trenches, but I was not the wound I got at Dixmude. The line he said he thanked me from the botis almost as straight as you could draw it with a ruler.

Of course it knocked me down and



I Was Able to Crawl on to the Turret Door.

explosion had opened.

which did it, but whatever it was, it visit me if he had the chance. hit me in the right eye and blinded it.

prisoners at interment camps.

When we arrived at Brest the wounded were taken from the ship in stretchers and after we had been restto the hospital. On the way those who could leaned out of the ambulance and had a great time with the people along the streets, many of whom they knew, yelled, "Vive la France!" and were glad to see the boys again, even though they were badly done up.

Some of our men were bandaged all over the face and head and it was funny when they had to tell their names to old friends of theirs, who one of the Brest people recognized a

the surgeons did to me, but I heard a while and also visited Lyons. We came right back at them and that they had my eyeball out on my cheek for almost two hours. At any rate they saved it. The thigh wounds ment they got later on they would be

quite healed by this time, I am sure. I really think I got a little extra attention in the hospital in many ways, for the French were at all times anxious to show their friendliness to America. Every time my meals were served there was a little American

were not many. "Sweet Adeline" they meant. But I unteered to go on deck and get an- The presentation was made by Lieu- shudder through the believers.

chine-gun bullets in the right thigh. of course, which was taking advantage One went clear through bone and all of a cripple. But it is the usual thing and drilled a hole on the other side, with the French, as you know-I mean while the other came within an inch the kissing, not the meanness to

When he had pinned the medal on tom of his heart for the French people, and also thanked all the Americans who had come over from their own I hit my head a pretty hard crack on land to help a country with which most of them were not connected. He said it was a war in which many nations were taking part, but in which there were just two ideas, freedom and despotism, and a lot more things that I cannot remember. He finished by saying that he wished he could decorate all of us.

Of course it was great stuff for me and I thought I was the real thing sure enough, but I could not help thinking of the remark I have heard here in the States-"I thank you and the whole family thanks you." And it was hard not to laugh. Also it seemed funny to me, because I did not rightly know just what they were giving me the medal for-though it was for one of two things-and I do not know to this day. But I thought it would not be polite to ask, so I let it go at that.

There were twelve other naval offiers who were present and they and all the other people did a lot of cheering and vived me to a fare-you-well. It was great stuff, altogether, and I should have liked to get a medal every

One day I received a letter from a

man who had been in my company in the Foreign Legion and with whom I | deed of things hoped for." What a had been pretty chummy. His letter the steel deck, but I was able to crawl was partly in French and partly in on to the turret door. Just as I was English. It was all about who had about to enter the gun was fired. That been killed and who had been woundparticular charge happened to be de- ed. He also mentioned Murray's fective. The shell split and caused a death, which he had heard about, and back fire and the cordite, fire and gas about my receiving the Croix de came through the breech, which the Guerre. I was wishing he had said something about Brown, whom I had It must have been a piece of cordite not heard from and who I knew would

But two or three days later I got I got it for working overtime. That is what the Limeys say, or if they French surgeons and looks normal, but when I opened it out tumbled a photoit pains me greatly sometimes and graph. At first all I saw was that it they tell me it will always be sight- was the photograph of a man crucified and yet my faith in it is my title deed with bayonets, but when I looked at | for things I hope for: potatoes, flour, I was unconscious immediately from it closely I saw it was Brown. I butter and what not.

which I must have swallowed. This When I came to I could hardly make gas dld me a great deal of damage myself think about it. Two of my and gives me dizzy spells often to this pals gone! It hurt me so much to day. I do not know what happened think of it that I crushed the letter during the rest of the engagement, as up in my hand, but later on f could I did not regain consciousness until read parts of it. It said they had three days later at sea. But I heard found Brown this way near Dixmude in the hospital that the French super- about two days after he had been redreadnaught Jeanne d'Arc and the ported missing. So three of us went light cruiser Normandy were in it as over and two stayed there. It seems well as ourselves, though not at the very strange to me that both of my time I was wounded, and that we had pals should be crucified and if I were all been pretty well battered. The superstitious I do not know what I Cassard lost 96 men in the engage- would think about it. It made me ment and had 48 wounded. Some of sick and kept me from recovering as our turrets were twisted into all man- fast as I would have done otherwise. ner of shapes and part of our bow Both Brown and Murray were good was carried away. One of our lieu- pais and very good men in a fight. tenants was killed in the engagement. I often think of them both and about I was told that both the Werft and the things we did together, but lately the Kaiserliche Marine were sunk in I have tried not to think about them this engagement. I have seen pictures | much because it is very sad to think of sailors from the Werft who were what torture they must have had to stand. They were both of great credit to this country.

The American consul visited me quite often and I got to calling him ed for about fifteen minutes on the Sherlock because he asked so many dock put into ambulances and rushed questions. We played lots of games together, mostly with dice, and had a great time generally. After I became convalescent he argued with me that I had seen enough, and though I really for the Cassard was a Brest ship. And did think so-however much I disliked of course the women and children what I had seen-he got my discharge from the service on account of physical inability to discharge the usual duties. After I had been at the hospital for a little over a month I was discharged from it, after a little party in my ward with everyone taking part and all the horns blowing and all the records except my favorite dirge played one after another.

Sherlock arranged everything for me-my passage to New York, clothing, etc. I ran up to St. Nazaire and I do not know, of course, just what saw my grandmother, loafed around

After a short time I returned to Brest and got my passage on the Georgic for New York. I had three were not dangerous in themselves and trunks with me full of things I had were letting them have it about four if it had not been for the rough treat- picked up around Europe and had been keeping with my grandmother. Among my belongings were several things I should like to show by photographs in this book, but no one but mermaids can see them now, for down to the locker of Davy Jones they went. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Shrines to Foxes.

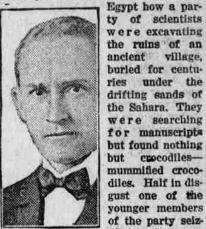
There are numberless shrines in Japan dedicated to foxes. The badger were just covered with a film of pow- the cigarattes I could smoke, which to have power to annoy people, and to be able to turn into a priest at will While I was still in bed in the hos- The crying of weasles and the baying which I had won at the Dardanelles. such insignificant happenings send

## Faith, The "Title Deed"

By REV. E. J. PACE Director Missionary Course, Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT-Faith is the substance of things oped for.-Heb. 11:1.

Think of crocodiles shedding light on Holy Writ! The story comes from



the ruins of an ancient village, buried for centuries under the drifting sands of the Sahara. They were searching for manuscripts but found nothing but crocodilesmummified croco diles. Half in disgust one of the vounger members of the party seized a baby crocodile by the tail and dashed it against

a stone, bursting it open. To his astonishment out rolled bundles of manuscripts of every description; legal documents, court records, bills of exchange, receipts for taxes and house rents, private letters of all sorts, and even a schoolboy's examination papers! The other crocodiles were also made to yield up the treasures with which they were stuffed. Imagine the excitement when they discovered that many of these "papyri" were written in the age of the Caesars and in the identical Greek of the New Testament.

Great floods of light have been thrown by these manuscripts on the meaning of New Testament words, many of them standing forth with a picturesque vividness never before seen. From the "papyri" we now know that the word in common use in the apostolic age for "title deed" is the word in our text above given translated "substance." "Faith is the title find!

An old saying has it, "Seeing is believing." Should it not read, "Believing is seeing?" Here lies before me a crumpled, dirty five-dollar bill. It was issued a dozen years ago and has been handled by innumerable fingers, but the stamp of the United States government on it is still plainly visible. Which one of its possible holders ever saw the five silver dollars it claims to represent? No one cares to see them; the promise of the government is enough. Here, "believing is seeing." My five-dollar bill is only a promise,

But faith, to be valid, must rest upon the trustworthiness of the word of another. The support of faith is always outside of one. A five-peso note lesued by the state of Chihuahua, Mex., may be worth five pesos, and again it may not. That is where the bandit, Villa, lives, and the scene of his most spectacular depredations. Is the state of Chihuahua solvent? And if so, will it continue to be so in case I want to redeem this promissory note? My faith in a promissory note is the measure of my confidence in the promissor.

The very essence of faith is strikingly illustrated in our word "amen." We use this ancient word every time we pray, but do we understand its meaning? It is really a Greek way of pronouncing an old Hebrew word. Jesus used it each time our version reads "verily, verily I say unto you." The old Hebrew word dates back to Abraham's time, and earlier, only he called it "aman." Anything is "aman" that is solid, firm, secure and absolutely dependable. Abraham and his wife Sarah were old and stricken in years, but childless. God promised them a son in their old age in spite of the fact that, humanly speaking, such a thing was impossible. Romans 4:19-21 describes how this startling promise affected Abraham: "Being not weak in faith, he considered not his own body now dead when he was about an hundred years old, neither yet the deadness of Sarah's womb; he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God; and being fully persuaded that what he had promised he was able also to perform." That is to say, Abraham recognized the fulfillment of this promise as entirely a miracle of God's power. What he said to God was, "Thou art 'aman." In other words, "Thou canst be depended upon! Thy word is firm, secure, absolutely reliable." Abraham's rest of faith was in the almightiness of God and the faithfulness of his word, just as my confidence in a five-dollar note rests in the firmness and the security of the United States government.

God in his Word has offered to us eternal life in Christ Jesus. He tells me this is a gift bestowed miraculously from above by the Holy Spirit. How my beart eagerly reaches out for this alluring prize. He offers this to "who-soever will." That includes me. I believe and it is mine. Faith is the "title deed" to things hoped for. My faith makes God real and his wonderful salvation a blessed fact here and now; and "being fully persuaded that what he has promised he is able also to perform," "I rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

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